Horse Race Tests

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Horse Race Tests

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

I'm gonna cry

Notes

7 of you asked for this I'll fucking kill you

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: You Are Jovial Merryment's Manager And You Two Have Hot Gay Slighty Dubious Sex In The Locker Room After She Wins Another Race

The air in the racer's preparation zone suffocatingly thick, a potent cocktail of stale sweat, liniment, and the almost electric buzz of adrenaline slowly grounding itself. Fluorescent lights hum overhead, casting a sterile glare on scuffed linoleum floors and utilitarian metal benches. You push through a side door, the roar of the distant, receding crowd a dull pressure against your eardrums.

Your knuckles are white where you grip the datapad, its screen displaying flagged interview segments and notes on unsportsmanlike conduct reports you'd rather not be reviewing right now. Finding Jovial Merriment after a win is always a calculated risk, a necessary evil, but today feels particularly precarious. Her performance on the track was, as always, flawless, a breathtaking display of speed and stamina that left competitors eating her dust. Her performance off the track, however… that's where the real problems were brewing.

You spot her easily—impossible to miss. That vibrant shock of orange hair, tied back loosely now but still catching the light, the matching orange ears swiveling slightly, catching ambient sounds, the long, powerful orange tail flicking idly behind her like a pleased predator's.

She's leaning against a row of lockers, still in her racing gear—the sweat-darkened tank top clinging to impressive musculature, the sleek running shorts emphasizing the powerful curve of her thighs and flank. A towel, also accented in orange, of course, is slung around her neck. She's talking, or rather, holding court, with a couple of fawning track officials who look utterly mesmerized. Her voice, loud and carrying, drips with the familiar, infuriating blend of saccharine charm and razor-sharp arrogance.

"...absolutely child's play out there today," she's saying, punctuating the statement with a dismissive flick of her wrist. Her amber eyes, bright and alive with triumphant energy, scan the room before landing squarely on you. A slow, predatory grin spreads across her face, all teeth and supreme confidence. "Ah, speak of the devil," she purrs, her voice dropping just enough to carry directly to you, cutting through the background noise. The officials, sensing a shift, offer

quick, mumbled congratulations and practically scurry away. Alone now, the space between you feels charged.

"Jovial," you start, keeping your voice level, professional. It's a tone you've perfected, the 'dealing-with-an-egotistical-prodigy' voice. "Congratulations on the win. Another dominant performance." You have to give her that, always. It's the prerequisite, the toll paid before addressing the bullshit.

She laughs, a sound that's less amusement and more pure, unadulterated self-satisfaction. "Dominant?" She pushes off the locker, taking a step towards you. Even slightly shorter than her, you feel the immediate pressure of her presence. She smells of victory—sweat, yes, but also something expensive, some custom fragrance she insists on. "Honey, that wasn't dominance. That was artistry. That was me, reminding those pathetic fillies why they shouldn't even bother lacing up their little track shoes when Jovial Merriment graces the starting line." Her tail gives another sharp flick, narrowly missing your hip. "Did you see the look on Bullet'n Board's face when I blew past her on the final turn? Pure, unadulterated despair. I live for that shit!"

You take a steadying breath, ignoring the bait. "About the final turn, Jovial... there were some reports. A steward mentioned unnecessary contact, cutting too close." You hold up the datapad slightly. "And the post-race interview… calling someone 'lead-footed glue-bait' isn't exactly–"

"Isn't exactly accurate?" Jovial interrupts, her grin widening, becoming sharper. She takes another step closer, invading your personal space on purpose now. You can feel the heat radiating off her. "Oh, I think it's perfectly accurate. The nag could barely keep up. Someone had to point it out." Her orange ears twitch, angled towards you, listening intently not for your words, but for the undertone, the weakness. "And 'unnecessary contact'? Please. Racing is contact. If they can't handle a little nudge, maybe they should take up knitting. Survival of the fittest. Or, in this case," she gestures grandly to herself, "survival of the greatest."

"There are rules, Jovial," you insist, trying to stand your ground, acutely aware of how she towers over you, how the sheer physical power she possesses is always humming just beneath the surface. "Conduct clauses. Sportsmanship guidelines. We've been over this. Your sponsors–"

"My sponsors," she practically spits the word, her amusement

vanishing, replaced by a chilling condescension. She raises a hand, placing it flat against the locker just beside your head. Not touching you, not yet, but the implication is clear. A cage, however subtle. "My sponsors care about one thing." She leans in, her voice dropping to a low whisper that sends a shiver down your spine despite the warmth of the room. Her breath ghosts against your ear. "They care about this." She gestures vaguely towards the direction of the winner's circle, the cameras, the adoration. "They care about the gold. They care about the headlines screaming 'Jovial Merriment Shatters Another Record!' They care about winning. And who delivers that, hmm? Every single time? Without fail?"

Her amber eyes bore into yours, demanding the answer she already knows. The scent of her, sweat and that cloying perfume, is overwhelming this close. Her tail brushes deliberately against your leg now, a possessive, almost proprietary touch.

"You do, Jovial," you concede, the words tasting like pure dirt in your mouth. "You always win."

"Exactly." She leans back slightly, but keeps her hand planted by your head. The smugness returns, tenfold. "So these little… concerns," she waves vaguely at the datapad you're still clutching like a shield, "are irrelevant. Dust. Less than dust. They are the whining of losers and the nitpicking of bureaucrats." She taps a finger against her own temple. "Up here? It's strategy. It's psychological warfare. It's ensuring everyone knows their place, which is firmly behind me. And as for the interviews?" A wicked smirk plays on her lips. "People love it. They eat it up. The bad girl, the unbeatable champion who doesn't give a damn. It sells, baby. It moves merchandise. Your merchandise, technically."

"It alienates other athletes, it creates friction with the racing commissions, it makes my job–"

"Oh, your job?" She cuts you off again, her tone dangerously soft now. She lowers her hand from the locker, trailing her fingers lightly down your arm as she does. The touch is electric, unexpected, and entirely unwelcome in its intimacy. "Let's talk about your job, manager." She uses the title like an epithet. "Your job exists for one reason." Her eyes rake over you, as if assessing a display cake. "Because I exist. Because I run. Because I win."

She takes another fractional step closer, her body almost flush against yours. You can feel the solid muscle beneath the thin layer of her

racing gear.

"You handle the boring bits," she continues, her voice a low murmur. "The papers, the schedules, the whining officials, the contracts..." She glances pointedly at the datapad again, then back to your face. Her gaze lingers on your lips for a split second too long. "You think those contracts hold any real power over me? You think some words on a screen, some clause about 'professional decorum,' means anything compared to what I do on that track?"

She laughs again, a low, throaty sound this time. It’s unnerving how quickly she can shift from haughty dismissal to this… this cruelty.

"Let me spell it out for you, just in case the altitude up here on Mount Olympus," she gestures around, "is making your brain fuzzy. You need me. Desperately. Without me, you're just another anonymous face shuffling papers, booking flights for second-rate nags who barely place. Without me," her voice drops further, "there's no fat paycheck. There's no access. There's no reflected glory. There's nothing."

Her free hand comes up, fingers brushing a stray strand of hair from your face. The gesture is deceptively gentle, but her eyes hold a clear fire to them. "Every piece of gear I wear, you ordered. Every flight I take, you booked. Every endorsement deal that lines both our pockets, you negotiated... because I made it possible. Because I am undeniable." She leans in again, her lips practically brushing your earlobe. "So don't you ever come in here after I've delivered yet another masterpiece and try to lecture me about 'attitude' or 'sportsmanship.' Your job isn't to manage my personality. Your job is to manage the consequences of my greatness. To sweep up the glitter and the tears left in my wake. To handle the paperwork so I can focus on being magnificent."

Her tail gives a slow, drawn out sweep against your backside. "Do we have an understanding, manager? Or do I need to make it even clearer who holds all the cards in this little arrangement?" Her breath is warm, her proximity suffocating, her arrogance absolute.

It’s suffocating. Her physical presence pins you more effectively than any lock; the heat rolling off her skin, the solid wall of muscle boxing you in against the cool, unyielding metal of the lockers. Defeated for now, you try to salvage some shred of dignity, some semblance of your professional role. "Fine, Jovial," you sigh, the sound barely audible over the thumping in your own ears. You try to angle your body away, a subtle attempt to reclaim your space, gesturing vaguely

towards the exit with the datapad. "Just... try to keep the interviews cleaner next time. I need to go file the post-race reports." It's a weak deflection, a desperate plea to return to the mundane, the manageable.

Her hand darts out, fingers clamping down on your wrist with marginal strength. Her grip is like iron nonetheless. "Leaving so soon?" Jovial's voice loses its earlier triumphant ring, replaced by something colder. "I don't think so. We're not finished here." She yanks you back slightly, slamming you more firmly against the lockers. The impact jars through you. Her orange ears flatten slightly against her skull, a sign of displeasure you've learned to dread. "In fact," she continues, her amber eyes narrowing, "I don't like your attitude at all."

"My... attitude?" you echo, bewildered, fear starting to curdle the resignation in your stomach. "I just acknowledged your win, I–"

"You acknowledged it like you were ticking off a box on your damn chore list," she snarls, leaning in again, her face inches from yours. Her breath comes in heavy, panting gusts, still recouping from the race, washing over your face with the intimate scent of her physical exertion. It's overpowering. "Do you have any idea what I just did out there? The pressure? The expectation? I didn't just win; I obliterated them. I cemented my legacy. Our legacy, technically, since you seem to enjoy the paycheck." She shakes your wrist slightly for emphasis. "And what do I get from my manager? A half-assed 'congrats' and nagging about rulebooks? Where's the gratitude?"

"Gratitude?" You try to pull your wrist free, a futile gesture against her superior strength. "Jovial, this is my job! Managing you is the job! That includes dealing with sponsors and conduct clauses! It's not about..." You trail off, seeing the utter lack of comprehension, the sheer narcissistic dumbassery building in her eyes.

"It's about everything!" she declares, her voice rising. She uses her height and bulk, pressing her body closer, effectively trapping you. Her chest, solid and rising and falling with her heavy breaths, pushes against yours. Her hips cage yours against the metal. You're acutely aware of every point of contact, of the sheer, overwhelming difference in your physicalities. She is built for power and speed; you are... not. "It's about acknowledging who holds the reins here. Who makes all this," she gestures vaguely, encompassing the unseen crowds, the prize money, your very employment, "possible. You walk around here lately with this... this sullen little cloud over your head. Like you're doing me a favor by managing the greatest racer this world has ever seen."

Her free hand comes up, this time firmly slamming on the locker next to your head again, a blast of sound enough to make you flinch. "You think I haven't noticed? The clipped tones? The barely concealed eye-rolls when I make a request? The way you sigh like the weight of the world is on your shoulders?" Her voice drops, becoming dangerously soft again, laced with menace. "Someone so blessed," she practically spits the word, "so lucky to be attached to a star like me, should be showering me with appreciation. Every. Single. Day."

"This is insane, Jovial!" you gasp out, real fear taking root now. "You can't just... manhandle me like this! I'll report you! This is harassment!" Empty words, and you both know it. Report her? To whom? The commissions she holds in contempt? The sponsors who only care about her wins? You'd be out of a job before the ink dried on the complaint.

Jovial throws her head back and laughs, a genuinely amused, utterly terrifying sound this time. "Report me?" she echoes, disbelief coloring her tone. "Oh, that's. Fucking. Adorable. Go ahead. Tell them Jovial Merriment, your golden goose, the horse who prints money and shatters records, got a little hands-on because her manager forgot their manners." Her eyes gleam with malicious delight. "Who do you think they'll believe? Who do you think they need more?" She leans back in, the laughter dying, replaced by that chilling focus. "Nobody cares about your little feelings, manager. They care about the finish line. And I own the finish line."

As she speaks, her hand—the one not pinning your wrist—begins to move. It lands dead heavy on your shoulder, fingers digging in slightly, claiming ownership. Then, slowly, languidly, it begins to roam. Down your arm, tracing the seam of your shirt. Across your side, feeling the line of your ribs beneath the fabric. Her touch is confident, exploratory, utterly devoid of hesitation or concern for your consent. It's the touch of someone examining property. Your breath hitches, a strangled sound in your throat. You try to flinch away, but there's nowhere to go.

"You feel that?" she murmurs, her fingers brushing against the curve of your hip now, testing the tension in your body. "That's power. Mine. Over you." Her hand slides lower, pressing against your thigh, strong fingers indenting the muscle. "All this winning... it takes a toll, you know?" she continues conversationally, as if discussing some minor inconvenient thing while her hand brazenly explores your form. "All this fame I generate for us... all this money that flows into our accounts... it requires compensation. A bonus. A reward for my

exceptional performance out there day, after fucking day."

Her hand stills on your upper thigh, dangerously close to the juncture of your legs. Her thumb strokes slowly against the fabric of your pants. You squeeze your eyes shut for a moment, fighting the wave of sheer annoyance that came with someone like her touching you. "Jovial, stop," you plead, your voice irritated, yet trembling. "Please..."

"Shhh," she whispers, bringing her face close to yours again. She pulls you closer still, flush against her heated body. You can feel the dampness of her racing gear seeping slightly into your own clothes. "The reward," she continues, her voice dropping to a husky growl, "is long overdue." Her lips find your ear, and before you can react, you feel a sharp, sudden pressure, teeth clamping down on the sensitive lobe. Not enough to break the skin, but enough to send a jolt of pain and shock through your system. You gasp, eyes flying open.

She pulls back just enough to look you in the eye. Her tongue darts out, wetting her lips. "And the reward," she breathes, the words hot against your abused ear, "is you."

She watches your reaction, the widening of your eyes, the slight tremor that runs through you. Her smirk returns, smug and triumphant. "Makes sense, doesn't it? You're convenient," she says, her hand resuming its slow, invasive exploration, fingers now deliberately brushing against the most sensitive part she can find, Never had you been so thankful for the thicker fabric of your suit till now. "Always around. Always available. And," she gives your form a slow, appraising once-over, her eyes lingering, "you're not exactly hard on the eyes when you're not looking so damned put-upon. A nice little stress reliever."

She presses her advantage, her body a solid, scalding weight against yours. "Think about it," she coos, her voice dripping with faux reason. "This whole setup? It works because of me. Your comfortable life, your access, your entire career—it hinges on my legs, my lungs, my will to win." Her grip on your wrist tightens momentarily, a painful reminder. "Everything you have, you have because I allow it. Because I earn it for you. So, isn't it only fair that I get what I want in return? That I take my prize?"

Her hand becomes bolder, fingers pressing more insistently now, seeking a reaction, seeking submission. Her other hand still holds your wrist captive. Her eyes bore into yours, wanting an answer right then and there.

"So," she murmurs, her lips hovering just above yours, the scent of her victory and sweat filling your senses, drowning out everything else. "What do ya say manager? Are you going to finally show me some proper gratitude?"

There's no escape. No recourse. Fighting back is pointless, threatening her even more so. The reality of your utter dependence on this narcissistic, yet impressively athletic moron crashes down on you with dizzying force. So against every cell in your body, slowly, unable to meet that burning amber gaze any longer, you turn your head away, exposing the line of your neck, staring blankly at the cold, painted metal of the locker beside you. Your silence is the only answer you can give.

A predatory grin splits Jovial's face the instant your gaze falters and slides away. It's the look of a hunter confirming the trap has sprung, utterly devoid of warmth, but oh so full of heat. "Attagirl," she purrs, the sound vibrating against your skin as she surges forward, slamming your body fully against the cold metal lockers. The air whooshes from your lungs on impact. Her strength is effortless, overwhelming. "Knew you'd see things my way."

Her hands are immediately, shamelessly everywhere. One slides up your torso, fingers splaying across your chest, thumb brushing and grasping the swell of your breast. The other snakes around your waist, pulling your hips erptocally tight up against hers, locking you in place. You gasp, trying by instinct to twist away despite your earlier submission. "Tch... get off me, Jovial! This isn't part of the contract!"

"Oh, isn't it?" she murmurs against your throat, her breath a burning exhale across your skin. Her lips find the sensitive skin just below your ear, and she licks a slow, deliberate stripe downwards towards your collarbone. A full-body shiver racks your frame, part revulsion, part disgusting awful pleasure. "I think we just amended the terms. Consider this... uh, what's one of those nerdy terms you love so much? Consider it executive compensation." Her teeth graze your skin, sending another unwanted jolt through you. "My performance demands certain perks in exchange for our continued partnership."

"Perks don't usually involve assault in the locker room, you narcissistic cow!" you bite back, words sharp but your body traitorously pliant under her ministrations. Her hand slides lower, cupping your hip bone, fingers digging slightly.

"Mooo," she mocks softly, nipping at your jawline now. "Temper,

temper. Is that any way to talk to the superstar who pays your bills?" Her other hand slides up again, fingers tangling firmly in your hair, tilting your head back, exposing more of your neck to her relentless mouth. "Besides," she continues, licking another slow path along your pulse point, "you seem to be enjoying the 'assault' more than you let on. You're trembling."

"I'm trembling because you're a terrifyingly overgrown horse girl pinning me against a wall!" you retort, even as your breath hitches when her lips find a particularly sensitive spot just above your clavicle. Damn her. Damn your stupid, reactive body.

"Semantics," she dismisses airily, her mouth continuing its merciless exploration, leaving damp trails and sharp little love bites in its wake. Then, her knee presses firmly between your legs, high up against your groin, pinning you even more securely, applying a steady, insistent pressure that makes your stomach clench and heat pool low in your belly. "Ah, see?" she hums triumphantly against your skin, feeling the involuntary jump in your muscles. "That got your attention. You like that pressure, don't you? Like being controlled."

"I hate you," you manage, the words lacking conviction as a soft gasp escapes your lips when she shifts her knee slightly, increasing the friction.

"I know," she says simply, smugness radiating from her. Her hand releases your hair, sliding down your front, fingers brushing lightly, deliberately, over the peak of your breast through your shirt. You suck in a sharp breath. "Such fire," she teases, her lips curving into a smirk against your neck. "And yet, here you are. Letting me do whatever I want." Her fingers pinch lightly, experimentally, and despite your fury, a nice warmth spreads through your chest. "Feels good though, doesn't it? Being handled by a winner."

She lifts her head slightly, pulling back just enough so you can see that fucking smug look in her eyes, the flush of exertion and arousal on her own cheeks. Her orange tail flicks impatiently behind her. "Alright, manager. Pay attention." Her voice drops, taking on a tone of command, somehow attempting to be more annoying with you than normal. "Stick your tongue out for me."

You stare at her, momentarily stunned by the audacity, the sheer entitlement. "What? No! Why the hell would I–"

"Because I told you to," she cuts you off smoothly, her gaze

unwavering, not even blinking at making such a demand. "Because you're my reward. Because you owe me some proper gratitude. And because," she leans closer, her knee applying another jolt of pressure, "I want to taste my victory on you." She waits, patient, utterly confident you'll comply. "Come on," she goads, a sly grin spreading across her face. "Don't be shy now. Show me that pretty little tongue. Let me see how obedient my manager can really be."

Hesitation wars with the overwhelming pressure of knowing that she was going to win in the end. The knowledge of your complete lack of control, and those infuriating, physical responses her actions were able to get out of you. Her smug insistence grates on your nerves, pushing you towards a defiant refusal, but the weight of her body, the heat in her eyes, the memory of her teeth... it all coalesces into a resigned sort of inevitability. With a frustrated sigh that sounds suspiciously like a breathy moan, you slowly, reluctantly, part your lips and tentatively stick the tip of your tongue out.

Jovial's eyes flash with triumph. "Good girl," she praises, the words dripping with condescension, before her mouth crashes down onto yours.

It’s not gentle. It’s not tentative. It's pure conquest. Her lips are demanding, bruising, forcing yours open wider. Her tongue immediately invades, hot and slick, battling against yours. You instinctively try to resist, to pull back, but her hand cups the back of your head, holding you firmly in place, while her other hand continues its exploration, sliding under the hem of your shirt now, warm palm pressing against the bare skin of your stomach.

Her tongue is relentless, mapping the inside of your mouth, tangling aggressively with yours, dominating, demanding submission. It’s a wet, messy, overpowering kiss that somehow tastes purely of her, of the one thing you lack in this scenario—victory.

As her tongue fights and conquers yours, her hips come alive against you. She starts to grind against you, a steady rhythm, her knee still wedged firmly between your legs, creating an agonizing friction right where you’re most sensitive. The movement is rough, mirroring the same as her kiss. It’s pure friction, skin-on-skin where her hand has slipped under your shirt, fabric-on-fabric elsewhere, but the message is brutally clear: she’s taking what she wants, using your body for her pleasure, asserting her newfound idea that you are her reward.

Your snarky protests die in your throat, replaced by strangled moans

muffled against her mouth as the unexpected pleasure wars violently with the humiliation and anger. She pushes harder, faster, her breath coming in hot pants against your lips, her body moving with the same powerful drive she shows on the racetrack, relentlessly pushing towards her own satisfaction against your pinned form.

Jovial finally pulls back from the kiss, her breathing heavy, lips wet and slightly swollen. A thick, glistening string of saliva connects your mouths for a moment before snapping. Her eyes are blown wide, pupils dilated with arousal, fixed intently on your flushed face and kiss-bruised lips. A supremely annoying, self-satisfied smirk spreads across her features.

"God damn," she practically purrs. "Seems my manager has hidden depths yet explored by the public. You kiss like you're trying to devour someone whole. Or maybe," she leans in slightly, dropping her voice conspiratorially, "you were just that desperate for it?" She chuckles. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone you melted like cheap candy."

"Shove it, Merriment," you gasp out, trying to catch your breath, wiping futilely at your mouth with the back of your free hand. Your body is thrumming with an unwanted, undeniable heat from the kiss and the relentless friction of her grinding hips. "This classifies as assault no matter which way you put it."

"Yeah?" she dismisses with a wave of her hand, the one not currently exploring the skin under your shirt. Her fingers are dancing dangerously close to the waistband of your pants now. "You clearly enjoyed the 'assault'." Her smirk widens. "But fine, if you insist on being difficult..." She captures your free hand again, her grip like steel. Before you can properly react or protest further, she guides your hand downwards, pressing it firmly against the front of her tight racing shorts.

You freeze. There's no mistaking the thick, hard ridge pressing insistently against your palm through the thin, sweat-dampened fabric. It's substantial, shockingly large, pulsing faintly with her arousal. A choked sound escapes your throat. Your eyes fly to hers, wide with a new level of stunned disbelief.

Jovial just watches your reaction, her smirk turning into a full-blown, predatory grin. "Big ain't it?" she mocks softly. "Shouldn't have been a surprise really, every part of me is perfect?" She presses your hand harder against her bulge. "Go on, manager. Since part of your job

description now includes performance incentives." She moves your hand slightly, rubbing it around thick length beneath the shorts. "Show me how grateful you really are. Get me hard."

"You are unbelievable!" you hiss, trying to yank your hand away, but her grip is absolute. "I am not touching your..."

"My?" she prompts, raising an eyebrow, still moving your hand for you, creating friction that clearly pleases her, judging by the slight hiss of breath she lets out. "Don't be crass, manager. Just do as you're told." While she holds your hand captive, forcing you to stroke her dick through her pants, her other hand dives decisively down the front of your own pants. Her skilled fingers find you immediately, slick and ready despite your furious protests. You gasp sharply, arching against the lockers as she begins to tease you with her own confident, tilting pressure.

"Mggnhh! Jovial...." you plead, even as your hips give an involuntary buck against her fingers. "Damn it!"

"Stop?" she repeats, her voice thick with arousal now, her own hips starting a slow grind against the locker in time with her ministrations on you. She mimics your forced movements on her own erection with your trapped hand. "But you feel so good, manager. So tight and wet for me already." Her fingers work faster, expertly finding the rhythm that makes your breath hitch and your protests dissolve into breathless moans. "Come on," she urges, nodding towards your hand still pressed against her groin. "Your turn. Don't make me do all the work."

Caught between her and the undeniable pleasure flooding your system, your resistance crumbles. Your fingers, still guided partly by her but now moving with a will of their own, begin to tentatively stroke the hard length beneath her shorts. It feels thick, powerful, straining against the fabric. Jovial groans, a deep, moaning sound, her head tipping back for a second.

"That's it," she pants, her eyes snapping back to yours, burning with intensity. "Harder. Like you mean it."

The locker room fills with the sounds of wet friction, harsh breaths, and your increasingly desperate gasps and moans, punctuated by Jovial’s smug encouragements and your own snarky, breathless retorts that lack any real heat.

"God, you're... impossible," you gasp out, as a particularly intense

wave of pleasure crashes over you from her relentless fingers. "And you... fuck... love it," she grunts back, pumping your hand faster up and down her rock hard cock, her own control clearly fraying.

It's a frantic, messy, confusing exchange of intimacy and physical connection. Your mind rails against the situation, against her arrogance, but your body screams its approval, arching into her touch, your fingers now working her erection through her shorts with more confidence, driven by the rising tide within you.

Finally, just as you feel yourself teetering on the edge, Jovial pulls her hand away from you, leaving you aching and incomplete. She groans again, her own need palpable. Before you can fully process the change, she's grabbing your hips, spinning you around with surprising force, and slamming your front against the cool metal of the lockers. Your hands fly out to brace yourself. She presses her body flush against your back, her heat engulfing you, her hard erection pressing insistently against the curve of your ass through your clothes.

"Fuckkk.. right now, manager," she commands, her voice rough, panting in your ear. But before she pushes you down, you react on instinct, twisting your head back, reaching up blindly to grab a fistful of her sweat-damp tank top near her shoulder.

"Wait!" you gasp out, your voice surprisingly firm despite the circumstances, despite how close you are. "One condition, Merriment!"

She stills, looking down at you, her expression a mixture of intense arousal and familiar arrogance. "Making demands now?" she rasps, though there's a flicker of something else—maybe surprise, maybe even grudging respect—in her eyes. "Alright. What is it?"

You meet her gaze, trying to convey absolute seriousness. "You pull out. You hear me? You will pull out before you finish. That's the deal."

A slow, infuriatingly smug grin spreads across her face. She leans down, her lips brushing your ear again. "Alright, manager," she concedes, emphasizing your title with mocking irony. "Wouldn't even dream of it." She releases your grip on her shirt and uses her hands to forcefully push your hips down slightly, angling you perfectly against the lockers and pulling your pants down to your thighs, her erection now positioned directly at your entrance. "Wouldn't want to violate company policy, now would we?"

And then, with a low grunt and a powerful thrust of her hips, she's inside you. You cry out, a sharp sound that’s equal parts pain, shock,

and overwhelming pleasure as she stretches you, fills you completely. She pauses for only a second, letting you adjust, her hands gripping your hips tightly, before she begins to move, establishing a hard, driving rhythm against the unyielding metal of the lockers.

It's rough, demanding, yet undeniably, intensely pleasurable. Each thrust sends jolts through your system, forcing choked moans and gasps past your lips, sounds that mingle with her own harsh breaths and possessive grunts. She keeps her promise of mutual pleasure, her rhythm hitting all the right spots, even for her usual intents on being annoying, her smug commentary reduced to breathless affirmations between powerful thrusts against the wall of lockers.

Jovial doesn't waste a second. Her hips slam forward again and again, driving her cock deep inside you with a force that steals your breath and makes your teeth clack together. You cry out, hands slapping flat against the cool, reverberating metal to brace yourself against the onslaught. She is relentless, a powerhouse of muscle and stamina translating seamlessly from the racetrack to now taking you from behind.

Each thrust is hefty, solid, impacting deep within you, a pretty clear reminder of the sheer physical difference between you. She fills you completely, stretching you, pounding into you with a rhythm that's initially overwhelming, almost brutal.

"Nghh… Jovial! Slow down, damn it!" you gasp out, knuckles white where you grip the locker handles you didn't even realize were there, trying desperately to find purchase, to maintain some semblance of control over your own body.

"Slow down?" she pants, her voice a low growl right beside your ear, lips brushing the shell of it. "But manager, we're just getting started." She punctuates the statement with another driving thrust that makes you see stars for a second. "Besides," she continues, her hips setting a demanding, piston-like rhythm, "you feel too damn good to go slow. So tight..." Her hand snakes around your waist, fingers digging into your hip, anchoring you as she pounds harder. The slap of slick skin on skin echoes slightly in the enclosed space, mingling with your hitched gasps and her deeper grunts of exertion.

Heat builds rapidly between your bodies, radiating outwards. Sweat slicks your skin, gluing your front to the cool metal, making her grip on your hips slippery. The smell is intense—her sweat, your sweat, the perfume now undercut by the heady scent of sex. It's intoxicating and

overwhelming all at once. Despite the coercive start, despite the infuriating arrogance practically rolling off her in waves, you can't deny the raw pleasure building within you. Her cock hits exactly the right spot, each thrust sending shockwaves through your system.

"God, you're… impossible!" you manage between gasps, trying to inject annoyance into your tone, but it's increasingly undermined by the breathless pleasure lacing your voice.

"Impossible?" she echoes smugly, leaning down to nip sharply at your shoulder. "Or just impossibly good?" She picks up the pace, finding a merciless rhythm that has your legs starting to tremble uncontrollably. "Admit it, manager. You've never had it like this. No one, no one could have you like this, except for me."

"Shut... nghh... up!" you plead, but your hips instinctively lift to meet her next thrust, chasing the feeling. Your legs are shaking violently now, threatening to buckle. The friction is immense, building towards an unbearable pressure deep inside.

"Almost there, aren't you?" she taunts, her voice thick with her own rising need, but still dripping with that infuriating confidence. She feels the tell-tale clenching deep inside you. "Knew I'd break you. Knew I could make you scream." Her thrusts become faster, harder, almost frantic, focused entirely on pushing you over the edge.

And then you shatter. A choked cry rips from your throat as pure sensation whites out your vision. Your whole body convulses, muscles clenching violently around her cock, legs giving out completely for a moment before you somehow find the strength to lock your knees, bracing against the lockers as waves of intense pleasure crash over you, leaving you utterly spent and gasping.

Feeling your orgasm peak, Jovial lets out a guttural groan, her own control snapping. Her pace becomes wild for a few final, desperate thrusts. Then, honoring the deal even in her frenzy, she rips herself out of you with a muffed moN. You feel the sudden emptiness, followed instantly by the hot, wet splash across your lower back. She slams her forearm against the locker next to your head, bracing herself, her whole body shuddering as she comes hard against your skin, thick ropes of release painting your back. Her breath tears from her lungs in ragged, moaning pants, head thrown back, orange tail twitching erratically.

Silence falls for a moment, broken only by the sound of harsh, ragged

breathing—hers and yours—and the faint dripping sound of spent fluids. The air is thick with the aftermath, heavy and humid. Sweat plashes onto the floor. Jovial slowly lowers her forehead to rest against the locker, her chest heaving. Her sweat-dampened orange hair clings to her neck and face.

After a long moment, she pushes herself upright slightly, turning her head just enough to look back at you over your shoulder. A bead of sweat traces a path from her temple down her cheek. Her usual smug smirk is back, albeit slightly shaky from exertion.

"So," she pants, her voice still rough. "You down for round two, manager?"

You glare at the reflection of her arrogant face in the polished metal of the locker door. "In your fucking dreams, Merriment," you rasp out, the words lacking any real venom, your body still humming, boneless from release. "Get off me."

She just chuckles, a low, tired sound. There's a beat of silence, filled only by panting. Then, you let out a long, put-upon sigh, the sound echoing slightly.

"...Fine," you mutter, refusing to look directly at her. "One more."

"Just be quick about it."

Chapter 2: Remia Loses A Race And Takes Out All Of Her Negative Emotions By Physically Assaulting Her Manager, Followed By Extremely Dubious Hot Gay Sweaty Sex

Chapter Summary

I'll see you all in hell

The roar of the crowd outside in the stadium still echoes faintly, a probably joyful and complete utter opposite of the angry sounds of destruction probably sounding out from up ahead. You hurry through the corridor leading to the racer prep rooms, heart hammering against your ribs like a trapped bird.

You knew, knew this was coming. Second place. Again. Close, so agonizingly close, but still behind Jovial Merryment's infuriatingly smug, victorious stride. Close doesn't count for Resolute Mind Afternoon. Close is just another word for failure in her book, a book that has been written entirely with curses and hurled objects.

Turning the corner into her designated area confirms your fears instantly. It looks like a cyclone tore through it, a cyclone specifically targeting anything remotely breakable or throwable. An overturned bench lies with one leg separated despite the bolts that were once in the leg, a water bottle rack is mangled against the wall, shattered plastic glittering like malicious confetti, and there is the overwhelming pressure of pure, undiluted rage.

And there she is. Remia.

Her compact frame is practically vibrating, coiled tight as a spring wound past its breaking point. Her red ears are pinned flat against her skull, her crimson tail lashes the air like a whip, snapping with sharp cracks that punctuate her venomous tirade. Sweat plasters strands of her fiery hair to her flushed face, her knuckles are white where she's gripping the edge of a now-dented metal locker, and her track shoes are leaving angry scuff marks as she stomps back and forth in a tight, repetitive circle.

"...that smug, self-satisfied BITCH!" The words rip from her throat, so loud you flinch on instinct. "Smiling! Fucking smiling like she didn't just steal that win right from my goddamn hands! Again! It's always

her! That flaxen-haired hack!" Another kick sends something flying across the room. "Thinks she's so damn perfect! Thinks she can just coast! I'll show her coasting! I'll tear her legs off and coast her damn face across the—"

You take a deep breath, trying to project an aura of calm you absolutely do not feel. Internally, you're a quivering mess, the familiar dread churning in your stomach. Professional face. Put on the professional face. "Remia," you start, keeping your voice low and even, stepping carefully over a crushed water bottle. "Remia, hey. Let's just take a second."

Her head snaps towards you, red eyes blazing with such intensity it feels like she has half the mind to gut you right now. "Take a second?" she spits, her voice dripping sarcasm. "A second? Is that what you think fixes this? Another fucking second lost to that goddamn PATHETIC PIGHEADED PRANCER?! Get the fuck out of my room!" She punctuates the last word by slamming her fist against the locker, leaving another dent. The sound rings sharp and ugly in the small space.

"N-no, I just meant—your performance, Remia," you try, inching closer, hands held up placatingly. This is the tightrope walk. Say the wrong thing, make the wrong move, and she will bite your head clean off the neck. "You ran an incredible race! Your splits in the back half were phenomenal, truly. You shaved almost half a second off your personal best on this track! That's huge!" You force a supportive smile, hoping it doesn't look as fragile as it feels. "You uh... really, really pushed her."

It's the wrong thing. You see it instantly in the way her muscles bunch, the way her lip curls back from her teeth in a snarl that's disturbingly predatory. "Pushed her?" she echoes, her voice dangerously low now, a growl rumbling in her chest. She stalks towards you, closing the distance with a couple quick strides, forcing you to take an involuntary step back. Despite your height advantage, she radiates a dense, powerful energy that makes you feel small, flimsy in comparison. "Pushed her? Are you fucking listening to yourself? I didn't push her! I was supposed to break her! I was supposed to leave her choking on my dust! Second place isn't 'pushing her', you fucking moron! Second place is losing! It's nothing!"

She's right in your space now, jabbing a rigid finger straight into your chest. You can feel the heat rolling off her, smell the sharp scent of her sweat and exertion. Her breaths come in short, sharp huffs, her

tail twitching erratically behind her. "You stand there talking about splits," she seethes, her eyes boring into yours. "Like that means anything! Like any of that matters when she's the one standing on the top step! Again! You don't get it! You never fucking get it!"

"I'm just trying—"

"Oh you're trying all right!" Remia laughs, a harsh, barking sound devoid of humor. "Trying to what? Make me feel better? Pat me on the head like a good little pony who almost won the ribbon? Is that it?" She shoves you then, not hard enough to knock you over, but enough to make you stumble back another step, hitting the tile wall at your flank. It’s a physical punctuation mark to her words, a reminder of the strength packed into her body. "You don't know shit about what this feels like! Standing out there, giving every single goddamn thing you have, feeling your lungs burn and your muscles scream, knowing you're faster, knowing you're stronger, and still watching her stupid orange ponytail bounce ahead of you!"

Her voice cracks on the last few words, pure vulnerability flashing through the rage before being instantly consumed by it again. She crowds you against the wall, bracing one hand beside your head, leaning in until her face is inches from yours. Her glare is unwavering, merciless.

"Maybe you're the problem," she snarls, the accusation sharp and sudden. "Ever think of that, Manager?" The title drips with contempt. "All your scheduling, your paperwork, your 'management'. Is it good enough?! Are you good enough?!" Her gaze sweeps over you, dismissive and critical. "Maybe you're holding me back. Maybe your 'phenomenal splits' analysis is bullshit because you don't know how to actually prepare me to win a single fucking race! Maybe if I didn't have to worry about you fucking things up behind the scenes, I could actually focus!"

You stand frozen, pinned by her proximity and the sheer force of her of the statements being throw your way. That stinging, familiar feeling of inadequacy washes over you. She’s wrong, you want to scream. You pour everything into this, into her, navigating the Byzantine world of sponsorships, travel, media, shielding her from everything but the race. But the words die in your throat, choked by the overwhelming intensity of her presence, the sting of her blame. Her red ears twitch, catching the slightest sound, her eyes search yours, looking for weakness, for confirmation of her bitter theory

You sit there flinching back against the cold tile, waiting for the rest of the verbal abuse. The fight just drains out of you, replaced by a hollow ache of weariness. You don't even know if she's lying to your face or not. Maybe she is. How would you know? You're just the paperwork drone, the buffer, the glorified travel agent. What do you know about the ragged edge of elite competition? You swallow hard, avoiding her burning gaze.

"Okay," you whisper, the sound barely audible over her ragged breathing. "Okay, Remia. You're right. Maybe… maybe I missed something. I don't know. I'm sorry." You just want this to end. You want to retreat to the quiet sanctuary of spreadsheets and booking confirmations, anything but this scorching confrontation. "I'll... I'll go double-check everything over and make sure... its all right this time."

A harsh laugh cuts through the air. Remia pulls back slightly, but only to look down at you. She sees it. The surrender in your posture, the defeat in your voice. It's like blood in the water, and she's a predator sensing weakness.

"Right?" she scoffs, crossing her arms over her chest. The movement flexes the defined muscles in her arms, a casual display of the power simmering beneath her skin. "Is that it? 'You're right, I'm sorry, I'll go check the files'? Pathetic." She leans back against the locker opposite you. "That's the problem, isn't it? You just fold. No fight, no fire. How the hell am I supposed to beat anyone when my own manager crumbles like a goddamn pussy at the first sign of any problems?!"

She pushes off the locker, resuming her pacing, but it's different now. Less frantic rage, more deliberate, aimed straight at you. "You know what, maybe you are right. Maybe this whole setup is wrong and it isn't worth even a spark of the effort I give it. Maybe, I'm done."

Your head snaps up. "Done? Done with what? Remia, don't be ridiculous I—"

"Ridiculous?" Her voice sharpens again, cutting you off. "Is it ridiculous to be sick of second place? Sick of pouring my guts out on that track for nothing?! Sick of coming back here to a manager who just says 'Okay, you're right' with no a single fucking good thing to show for it?!" She stops directly in front of you again, forcing you to meet her gaze. "Maybe I should just hang up my shoes. Find something else to do. Or maybe..." She turns to you again, sneering. "...maybe I just need someone else calling the shots. Someone who actually knows what their doing."

Ice floods your veins. New manager. The words hit harder than any physical blow. This job, managing Remia, despite the stress, despite the constant fear of her temper... it's everything. You stumbled into it, yes, got lucky landing a talent like her, but you've built your precarious life around this. Losing her isn't just losing a job; it's losing... everything.

"No!" The word bursts out, raw and desperate. "Remia, please, don't say that! We can fix this! We can—we can look at the training, the strategy, we can hire specialists, whatever it takes! Quitting? Getting a new manager? That's—that's crazy! Think about the contracts! Think about everything we've built!" Your carefully constructed professional facade shatters completely, revealing the panicked mess beneath.

Remia watches your disintegration with undisguised satisfaction. Her red ears flick slightly, catching every tremor in your voice. She takes a step closer, forcing you to shrink back further against the wall. She looms, despite you being taller, her sheer force of personality and physical presence pressing down on you.

"Crazy?" she repeats softly, dangerously. "What's crazy is sticking with something that isn't working. You think other teams haven't noticed me? You think managers haven't approached me?" She leans in, dropping her voice to a whisper that feels more threatening than her shouts. "The scouters from the track last month? They came running to me. Said they could offer double the support staff, dedicated physio, real strategists. And the sponsorships? Night and day, Manager. Night and fucking day." She taps a finger against the side of your temple. "Even some of the other girls... they talk. They wonder why I stick with you."

Each word is a carefully aimed dart, and they all hit home. The blood drains from your face. You feel dizzy, nauseous. The thought of Remia, your Remia, talking to other teams, other managers... it's unbearable. Your composure completely evaporates. You slide down the wall slightly, your legs feeling weak, vision blurring.

"No, Remia, please," you plead, your voice cracking. You hate how pathetic you sound, but the fear is overwhelming. You reach out, almost grabbing her shorts before snatching your hand back. "Please, don't—don't leave. Don't get someone else. I... I know I messed up. I know I'm not... not what you deserve sometimes. But please. Give me another chance. I'll do anything."

Anything.

Remia's smirk doesn't get any bigger at your admission, she just looks disgusted. But in those eye's gleams a certain cruelty. She sees you, truly sees you now—sees a oversized child playing pretend in a profession they were never prepared for. The anger hasn't vanished, but it's now overlaid with something worse. She straightens up, looking down her nose at your crumpled form against the wall. Her tail gives a slow, small swish behind her.

"Anything, yeah?" she repeats, savoring the word, rolling it around on her tongue like expensive wine. "That's a very dangerous thing to offer, Manager." She takes a step back, surveying you like a prize won. She has you. And she knows it. "Anything is a lot."

For a fleeting, terrifying second, the weight of your desperate offer hangs in the air. Anything? Did you really mean that? The word echoes around in your own head, vast and bottomless. What does 'anything' even entail when dealing with someone as volatile and vindictive as Remia in the throes of defeat?

But the moment for doubt is infinitesimal. Remia sees the flicker of hesitation in your eyes, the dawning horror, and she pounces on it like a starving wolf. Any leverage you might have imagined regaining vanishes instantly. Her brief moment of victorious calm evaporates, replaced by a sneering, vicious arrogance.

"Questioning yourself already, Manager?" she bites out, stepping forward until her track shoes are practically touching yours. She shoves you again, harder this time, sending you stumbling back down against the wall until you slide ignominiously to the floor tiles, landing in a heap of limbs and crushing shame. She stands over you, a monument to condensed fury and muscle, radiating contempt. "Thinking maybe you shouldn't make promises you can't keep? Turning your back on me immediately after promising to do better?"

She kicks idly at your foot, her expression disgusted. "You think just showing up makes you a manager? You handle paperwork? Big fucking deal! I handle the pressure, the pain, the expectation! I'm the one out there ripping my goddamn lungs out while you're probably back here worrying about the fucking catering!" She crouches down slightly, bringing her furious face closer to your level on the floor. You flinch, curling inward instinctively. "Every single loss... every time that orange bitch crosses the line ahead of me... part of that is your fault. Your incompetence. Your inability to provide what a real top-tier athlete needs. You are the wright that has been dragging me down!"

Just then, a distant cheer erupts from the direction of the stadium, filtering through the walls. Even muffled, the sound carries Jovial's name, likely during the podium ceremony. It hits Remia like an electric shock. Her head snaps up, her body goes rigid, and a raw, guttural scream rips from her throat. She whirls around, grabs the already damaged metal bench, and with a surge of adrenaline-fueled strength, hurls it against the opposite wall. Metal screeches against tile, another leg rips off, and it crashes down with a deafening clang.

She stands there, chest heaving, knuckles white, her breath coming in ragged, furious gasps. Her ears are pinned so flat they almost disappear into her red hair, her tail is a rigid line of fury behind her. After a few tense seconds, she slowly turns back, her eyes locking onto your terrified form huddled on the floor. The rage is still white-hot, but now it has a terrifyingly specific focus. You.

"You," she breathes, stalking towards you. "You're going to fix this." She reaches down, her strong fingers tangling brutally in your tie, and hauls you upwards with shocking ease. You scramble, choking, feet barely staying under you as she drags you halfway to standing, holding you suspended and off-balance. Her face is inches from yours, spit flying as she snarls. "You said anything, didn't you? You fucking begged me not even ten seconds ago. Remember? DO YOU REMEMBER?!"

Her grip tightens, cutting off your air slightly. "Well, 'anything' starts right fucking now. This... humiliation," she practically spits the word, "this feeling of being second-best, of having her smug face plastered everywhere... that's because of you. Your failure. Your job was to make sure I win, and you fucked it up! So you owe me. You're going to make it up to me. You're going to erase this feeling. That's your fucking job now."

Her free hand gestures crudely towards her crotch, towards the large, weighty outline pressing against the tight, sweat-dampened fabric of her red sports shorts. The implication is obvious.

"You see this?" she growls, her voice dropping to a low, menacing command. Her eyes bore into yours, daring you to look away. "Right now, all you are is my personal fucking stress relief. A punching bag that can take orders. You're going to take all this, and you're going to fucking swallow it. You're going to make me forget she even exists for a little while. Got it?."

She gives your tie a vicious jerk, pulling your face even closer. You

can smell the anger straight off her body. "And if you don't?" she continues, her voice dangerously soft. "Maybe I do call one of those managers back? Maybe one of their racing teams could use someone with my potential and a management team that isn't a fucking disaster?"

"Your choice."

She holds you there, dangling, the threat right there open to air, her gaze demanding an answer now. The stench of her sweat, the heat of her body, the threat in her stance—it all screams ultimatum. Agree, or lose everything. Her grip on your tie is a vice, her expression utterly devoid of mercy, waiting for your pick.

"Yes! Okay! Anything! Just— just don't..." The words tumble out of you in a frantic, choked rush, tripping over each other in your desperation. The thought of her actually replacing you, of some other manager or some other sleek, efficient operation snapping her up while you're left with nothing but broken contracts and crushing failure… it's unthinkable. You'd agree to anything to prevent that. And you just did.

She flares her nostrils at the apparent submission. Victory. Absolute and total. Her grip on your tie loosens just enough for you to gasp in a ragged breath, but she doesn't let go. Instead, she uses it to steer you, forcing you down onto your knees before her on the floor. The tiles press uncomfortably into your kneecaps. You feel utterly awfully and totally pathetic.

"Good," she spits, the sound laced with venomous satisfaction. Her hand releases your tie only to slam down hard onto the top of your head, fingers tangling painfully in your hair, forcing your gaze downwards towards her crotch. You wince, tears stinging your eyes from the sharp pain and the overwhelming humiliation. "Glad we understand each other, Manager."

With her other hand, she hooks her thumbs into the elastic waistband of her sweat-slicked red shorts and yanks them down just enough. Not off, just low enough to reveal the damp, thin layer of her athletic underwear stretched taut over the prominent, straining bulge beneath. It's thick, hard beyond reason, practically beating with the residual adrenaline and potent fury still coursing through her system. Her arousal is just another weaponized facet of her rage.

Your breath hitches. Instinctively, your hands fly up, bracing against

the solid, sweat-dampened muscle of her thighs as if to ward her off, a last, futile gesture of resistance. It earns you a vicious shove against your head.

"Don't fucking touch me unless I tell you to," she snarls. Before you can react further, she grabs the back of your head again, yanking you forward. Your nose and mouth slam against the fabric covering her erection. The impact is jarring, forcing the air from your lungs in a surprised grunt. You're pressed hard against her, face mashed into the heat and shape of her dick.

The smell is overwhelming, filling your nostrils, coating your tongue—pure, concentrated Remia. Sharp, salty sweat, the deeper, heady musk of her arousal and exertion, the faint chemical tang of the track residue. It’s utterly violating your senses, raw physicality. Heat radiates from her groin, warm against your cheek.

"Yeah, get a good lungful," Remia breathes heavily, her voice husky. She deliberately shifts her hips, rubbing the bulge against your face, grinding the fabric over your nose and lips. "That's the smell of your failure. That's the smell of my frustration because you're too fucking incompetent to do your job." Her breath puffs hot against your ear, sending shivers down your spine that have nothing to do with pleasure. "Get used to it."

Her hand tightens in your hair, tilting your head back just slightly, then forcing it forward again. "Taste it," she commands, her voice dropping to a guttural growl. "Stick your fucking tongue out. Now."

Trembling uncontrollably, trapped by her grip and the conditions of your own promise, you comply. Your tongue, hesitant and dry, slips out, pressing against the sweat-soaked fabric. She immediately grinds your face against herself again, dragging your tongue along the taut material covering the hard ridge beneath. The taste explodes in your mouth—intensely salty, acrid, with that underlying heady, animalistic musk. It's the taste of her anger straight on your taste buds.

Remia exhales sharply through her nose, a sound almost like a snort of satisfaction, her body thrumming like a tightly wound engine. She’s high on the adrenaline, on the power, on your pathetic compliance. Her hips continue their slow, abrasive rhythm against your face, forcing you to taste her, to breathe her in.

"Yeah, like that," Remia groans, her voice tight. Her hand remains tangled firmly in your hair, controlling your movements, forcing your

mouth harder against the straining organ. "Lick it like you mean it. Fucking worship it." Under your lips and tongue, the material is growing damper, slicker, the salty tang intensifying as clear, viscous precum beads and soaks through. The heat intensifies, the musky scent becoming almost thick enough to choke on, a dizzying, heady ambrosia overloading your senses.

Her hips buck involuntarily against your face, a slight tremor running through her powerful legs. Her red ears twitch and swivel, catching every wet sound your mouth makes against her. "Fuck... yeah... just like... nghhh... that bitch Jovial thinks she's..." A moan cuts off the curse, low and guttural. "...thinks she can just... ahh... fuck..." She pushes your face harder against the bulge, forcing you to practically inhale her essence. "Kiss it! Show it how much you fucking regret letting me lose!"

You obey numbly, pressing desperate, sloppy kisses against the slick fabric, your mind a haze of fear, humiliation, and the overpowering sensory input. Remia groans again, louder this time, a sound torn between pleasure and pure rage. "Not enough," she gasps, her breathing ragged. "Get it the out. Now. Use your teeth if you have to, just get this fucking underwear out of the way!"

With trembling fingers, fumbling against her tense thigh, you manage to hook the damp waistband of her athletic underwear and pull it down, sliding it under the thick, straining shaft. Her erection springs fully free, slapping heavily against your cheek. It's thick, long, painfully hard, veins standing out in sharp relief along the length. The head is weeping more precum, glistening under the locker room lights, flushed a deep, angry red that mirrors her hair and ears. The smell intensifies tenfold, raw and animalistic.

"There," she pants, grabbing your head again with both hands now, fingers digging into your scalp. "Now suck it. Properly. Make up for being such a goddamn useless failure." She forces your mouth onto the slick head, pushing deep, almost gagging you. "Lick it. All of it. Every fucking inch. Make me forget that smug cunt's face... ahhh... Jovial... FUCK!"

You choke back a gag, tears streaming down your face, and begin to work your mouth along the shaft, tongue darting out to lick as commanded, trying desperately to appease her, to ride out this storm. Her hands are vises on your head, setting a harsh rhythm, forcing you to take more of her than you think you can handle. She moans and curses in a jarring, terrifying litany, her body trembling under the

assault.

"Fuck... yes... deeper... take it all, you worthless... nghh... Fuck you, Jovial... I'll fucking... ahhh!" Her hips begin to buck more erratically, slamming against your face. Her grip tightens almost unbearably. You can feel the climax building in her, the tension coiling tighter and tighter in her frame. Her head tips back, exposing the taut line of her throat, her eyes squeezed shut. "Oh FUCK! Right there! Don't stop! Fucking... JOVIAL! I'll kill you! NGHHHH!"

With a final, choked cry that's equal parts orgasm and screamed curse, her body convulses violently. Hot, thick ropes of semen shoot into the back of your throat, the taste is awfully potent and salty. She pumps against your face, unloading completely, groaning and shuddering, her hands clamping down, pinning your head in place, ensuring you take every last drop.

After a few shuddering moments, the tension drains from her slightly, though the anger remains palpable beneath the surface. She pulls back abruptly, her still-hard cock sliding wetly from your mouth, leaving you kneeling there, dazed and trembling. A thick mixture of saliva and her semen dribbles down your chin, pooling slightly at the corners of your lips. Your mind feels foggy, distant, reeling from the onslaught.

"Swallow it," Remia commands, her voice rough, breathless but still sharp with authority. She watches you intently, eyes narrowed. You obey automatically, the thick fluid coating your throat, making you gag slightly. She steps closer, hooks a thumb brutally into the corner of your mouth, and pulls it open, peering inside . "Every drop." She seems momentarily... less enraged. Not satisfied, exactly, but the immediate, boiling fury has subsided into a low, dangerous simmer.

Then, the tinny sound of a commentator's voice cuts through the relative quiet. On the wall-mounted television, previously unnoticed in the chaos, footage of the race highlights plays, followed by Jovial Merryment beaming on the winner's podium, gold medal gleaming.

Remia's head snaps towards the screen. Her breath hitches. You see her knuckles whiten as her fists clench at her sides. Her jaw tightens, her teeth grinding audibly. The brief lull shatters instantly. A low growl rumbles in her chest, and you can practically feel the anger flaring back up inside her immediately. Beneath her shorts, still hanging low, her cock begins to twitch, thickening again with renewed, vengeful hardness.

"Turn that shit off," she snarls, her voice dangerously low, not looking away from Jovial's triumphant image.

Panic seizes you. You scramble desperately, looking around the trashed room for the remote control. Your eyes land on it—near the overturned bench, lying in several pieces, plastic casing cracked, clearly broken beyond repair during her earlier rampage.

"Remia, I..." you stammer, holding up the shattered pieces helplessly. "It's... it's broken."

She finally tears her gaze away from the screen, fixing it on you, then on the destroyed remote in your hands. Her expression is murderous. The dangerous simmer is rapidly returning to a boil.

The broken remote clatters uselessly from your numb fingers. Remia’s breathing is harsh and loud in the silence, broken only by the cheerful, oblivious commentator still droning from the TV. Her gaze shifts from the useless plastic in your hand to your face, and something cold settles in her eyes. She starts muttering, low and indistinct at first, words tumbling over each other.

"...always her... fucking perfect Jovial... never slips... never cracks... smiles that stupid fucking smile..."

You see the tension building, coiling in her shoulders, the way her fists clench and unclench. A primal instinct screams at you to run, to placate, to do something, but you're frozen. "Remia..." you manage to whisper, taking a half-step back.

It's too late. Her head snaps up, the blankness replaced by pure, unadulterated fury. Before you can even flinch properly, her right fist connects with the side of your face. The crack is sickeningly loud, echoing the earlier sounds of destruction. Red, thats all you can see for a second as your head whips to the side, staggering you. Pain rivets across your cheekbone. You taste blood, coppery inside your mouth.

Gasping, holding your face, you look back at her in stunned terror. "Remia, wh—"

Another blow, this one a vicious right hook straight into your gut. Air bursts from your lungs in a painful whoosh, doubling you over. You cough, struggling to breathe, spots dancing in your vision. Remia steps back slightly, her chest heaving, eyes blazing.

"Don't you fucking 'Remia' me!" she screams, kicking out savagely, her track shoe connecting hard with your shin. You cry out, collapsing further against the lockers. "It's always her! Everything is always about fucking Jovial goddamn Merryment!" She punctuates the name with another kick, this one aimed at your ribs. You curl tighter, trying to protect yourself.

"So fucking fast!" A hard shove sends you sprawling onto the floor amidst the debris. "Always has that extra gear! Where does she get it?!" She grabs the leg of the broken bench, hefts it slightly, then slams it down near your head, making you flinch violently. "Perfect fucking stamina!" An elbow jabs down hard into your shoulder as you try to scramble away. "And that face she puts on! Little Miss Sunshine! Everyone loves Jovial!" She grabs a handful of your hair, yanking your head back, forcing you to look at her furious, contorted face. "Got the press eating out of her hand! Got the sponsors falling over themselves! Got a manager who probably doesn't let her lose!"

Her voice rises to a hysterical pitch. "All I fucking hear, day in, day out, since I started this goddamn job, is 'Jovial this,' 'Jovial that,' 'Why can't you be more like Jovial?!' FUCK HER!" She shoves you hard against the wall, pinning you there with her forearm pressed against your throat, cutting off your air slightly. Her face is inches from yours, radiating heat and hate.

And then, something shifts in her wild eyes. The focus sharpens, but it's not you she's seeing anymore. "You," she snarls, her voice dropping into a low, venomous growl. "You think you're so fucking special, don't you, Jovial?"

The name hangs in the air. She's talking to you. The realization hits you, cold and terrifying. She'll kill you if you don't say something. "P-please Remia, I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry! I'll leave so—", Suddenly hee other hand comes out to make a dent in the locker near your head. "YOU, are not going anywhere! In fact until you learn exactly how much fucking pain you've caused me I'm not going anywhere!"

Wait, no this is good—great! If she sees you as Jovial, if she directs all this rage, all this obsession onto you… maybe she won't leave. Maybe this can all work out, as long as you have her attention…

You swallow the blood in your mouth, forcing down the terror. Play along. Be Jovial. "I... I just run my race, Remia," you manage, trying to pitch your voice differently, trying to inject a note of the smug confidence Jovial always exudes. It feels obscene, wrong, but

necessary. "Not... not my fault you aren't fast enough..." You gave it your best shot, you weren't really the best at roleplaying.

Remia recoils as if struck, then lets out a harsh, barking laugh. "Not fast enough?!" she echoes, her eyes gleaming with a truly terrifying light. "Oh, I'll show you fast, you smug cunt!" Her gaze travels down your body, lingering. "Think you're on top, don't you? Think that this whole world needs to bow to you on a fucking platter?!"

Before you can process, she ducks down, her ridiculously strong arms hooking behind your knees. With a grunt of exertion, she lifts your legs effortlessly, hoisting you up against the wall, your back scraping painfully against the wall. You gasp, flailing slightly, completely unbalanced and pinned, your lower body exposed. Her strength is astounding, humiliating even.

"Let's see how you like being underneath for a change, Jovial," she pants, pressing her body flush against yours, pinning you helplessly. Her still-hard cock pulses against your stomach through the thin layers of clothing. She stares into your eyes, but she's seeing her rival. "You love looking down on me from that podium?! Huh?! Love making me feel like shit?!"

She starts grinding her hips against you, a rough, angry friction against your lower abdomen. It's not sensual; it's pure aggression, a violation meant to dominate and degrade the rival she sees in you. "How's this feel, golden girl?" she snarls, her breath hot on your face, still tasting faintly of her earlier release. "Not so fucking smug now, are you slut?! I'm the one setting the pace now! I'm the one on top!" Her thrusts become harder, more frantic, driven by hate and obsession, completely lost in her violent fantasy of finally, brutally, dominating Jovial Merryment, using your terrified, cooperating body as a stand-in.

All you can feel is the brutal rhythm Remia dictates, slamming your back against the wall with each punishing thrust. Her strength is terrifying,, pinning you like an insect. She grinds against you, her still-hard cock forcing its way between your legs, seeking purchase, seeking domination. It's rough, aggressive friction at first, fueled purely by rage.

"Think you're better than me, Jovial?" she snarls, her voice ragged against your ear. "Think you can just waltz onto my track and take what's mine?" Her teeth sink sharply into the flesh of your shoulder, drawing a sharp gasp that’s lost somewhere between pain and

something else, something treacherous and unwanted stirring deep within you. You whimper, burying your face against the hot, sweaty skin of her neck, inhaling her scent—that intoxicating, dangerous musk.

This is wrong, twisted, a violation born of madness and obsession. Yet... a horrifying part of you responds. The sheer overwhelming force, the undeniable focus she has on you right now—even if it's directed at a phantom Jovial—it's intoxicating. It means she's here. She's not leaving. This monstrous act is the price, and disturbingly, shamefully, your body starts to betray you, finding a raw, ragged pleasure in the punishment.

"Is… haah… that all you got, Remia… huh?" you hear yourself gasp out, playing the part, feeding the fantasy, clinging to her tighter. Your legs instinctively wrap around her powerful waist, locking you together. "Still... nghh... still chasing my tail?"

Her eyes blaze at the perceived taunt. "SHUT UP!" she roars, and then she finds purchase, forcing herself inside you with a brutal, tearing force. You cry out, a raw sound ripped from your throat, arching against the wall as she impales you fully. Pain mixes sickeningly with a surge of unwanted, overwhelming pleasure that makes your vision swim.

She starts fucking you then, truly fucking you, with a reckless, furious abandon that leaves no room for thought, only raw sensation. Each thrust jars your entire body, slamming your head back against the wall, rattling your teeth. Her hands grip your hips bruisingly, angling you for deeper, more punishing strokes. She doesn't stop talking, cursing, degrading the phantom Jovial she’s violating.

"Take it! Take all of it, you smug bitch!" she pants, slamming into you again and again. "This is where you belong! Under me! Beneath me when I stand atop that fucking podium!" Her nails dig into the skin of your back, leaving angry red scratches. She pulls back slightly only to slam forward again, harder, deeper. "Do you feel that, huh?! Feel me owning you?!"

And you do. You feel owned, like your being held taught on a leash. But beneath the pain, beneath the terror, the friction, the raw intensity sparks something else. You moan, clinging to her like wreckage in a storm, meeting her thrusts almost voluntarily now. "Yes... Remia... ahh... you've got me..." you sob out, the line between acting and reality blurring into a terrifying, ecstatic haze.

"Damn right I've got you!" she screams, her rhythm becoming frantic, desperate. She bites your neck, hard enough to surely leave a mark, her body trembling with the building climax. "You're nothing! Nothing compared to me! Fucking... Jovial!" Her thrusts become piston-like, hammering into you without mercy.

Her climax hits her like a truck. With a scream, she grabs the front of your head and slams your face hard against the tile wall, muffling your cry of pain and surprise. Her body convulses violently against yours, bucking as she comes deep inside you, unloading her rage, her frustration, her twisted victory into you. She screams incoherent curses, Jovial's name tangled up with raw moans and vile profanity, the sounds echoing horribly in the trashed prep room.

For long moments, she stays like that, pinning you, shuddering, her hot release pulsing inside you. Then, gradually, the tremors subside. Her breathing is ragged, harsh. Slowly, carefully, she withdraws, letting your legs slump heavily back to the floor. You slide down the wall, landing in a trembling heap, utterly spent, aching, slick with sweat and cum.

Remia leans against the opposite wall, chest still heaving, her shorts still hanging low, her cock softening now. Her hair is plastered to her face, her body gleaming with sweat. She looks utterly wrecked, but as her breathing evens out, you see something new flicker in her eyes as she looks at you, huddled on the floor. It's not satisfaction, not exactly. It's a flicker of something harder. A raw, almost feral confidence born from the violent catharsis. She met her rival, in her mind, and she conquered her.

She doesn't say anything, just watches you close, breathing heavily, that new, unsettling light burning in her gaze. The next race already being mapped out in her head.

Chapter 3: Cyan loses another race(again) so the manager has pity sex with her, but she sucks at that too

Chapter Summary

> This was a new and mostly experimental attempt at writing this kind of dynamic, I'll see how it's received for the future. I'll be writing mostly horse/horse chapters after this just wanted to get this out of the way.
>
> Thanks to everyone who helped me with better characterization/ personalities for the horses I promise all the future chapters will be peak

You could still hear it outside.

The great roar of the cheering crowd in the stands, despite being muffled through the thick concrete walls of the inner building, still carried the triumphant cadence of Jovial Merryment's latest victory.

It was a less than pleasant, though mostly degrading soundtrack to accompany your slow, begrudging steps through the hallways. Each footfall down the corridor towards the racer prep rooms felt worse than the last, becaue you had been here before.

Because you already knew what awaited you in that room. Because at this point you knew, that the podium celebrations were for others, that the glittering confetti and champagne showers were a world away from the little pocket of misery you were about to enter again.

The same as the time before.

And before that one too.

And well, every other fucking time before that.

The door to your racer's assigned prep room was slightly ajar, a sliver of shadow in the otherwise brightly lit hallway. No sounds of celebration emanated from within, no triumphant laughter or even the weary satisfaction of a race well run. Just a faint, almost imperceptible whimpering, like a wounded animal.

So you pushed the door open, the squeak of its hinges loud and

desperate.

And there she was.

Curled into a tight ball in the furthest, darkest possible corner of the room she could find, Cyan looked impossibly small, a useless discarded doll amidst the benches and lockers. Her cyan hair, usually tied back with some semblance of athletic readiness, was disheveled, sticking to her tear-streaked face. Her matching tail lay limp on the dusty floor, twitching erratically, while her ears, those expressive barometers that were usually an indicator of a racer's mood, were flattened against her skull so tightly they almost disappeared completely into her messy mane.

Her shoulders hitched with ragged, silent sobs, and a low, continuous murmur of self-recrimination escaped her lips, too broken to form coherent words, yet universally understood in its despair. "Useless... I can't... why even... no good..." The air around her was thick with it—that palpable, suffocating aura of yet another loss.

You leaned against the doorframe for a moment, a sigh you hadn't realized you were holding escaping your lips. There was nothing to say. What comfort could you possibly offer? "You'll get 'em next time"? A blatant lie. "You tried your best"? Her best was this, another last-place finish, another public display of utter, almost comically tragic failure.

And despite the fact that you truly did want to see anything in her other than that, all you can do is just think about how everyone else perceives her. The whispers from other managers, the pitying glances from fellow racers, even the occasional track official pulling you aside with a "Are you sure she's... up for this? Seems a bit cruel, doesn't it?"

Even some spectators, bless their morbidly curious hearts, had even started to 'ironically' cheer for her, their shouts of "Go, Cyan, go!" laced with an uncomfortable mixture of pity and perverse amusement. It all just added to the weight on your shoulders, this burden of a horse girl who was a black hole of unmet potential.

Her head twitched. One dull, swollen blue eye, the color of her namesake stone but clouded with unshed tears, peeked out from between her arms, finding you in the process.

A small, choked whimper. "M-manager...?"

Yep.

The transformation was immediate, if horrifyingly graceless. Cyan unfurled with a desperate urgency, limbs flailing around. She tried to scramble to her feet, but her legs, presumably still jelly from the race she'd barely completed, buckled beneath her. She stumbled, nearly pitching face-first onto the hard ground, before resorting to a crawl, a pathetic, undignified scrabble across the floor towards you, her hands outstretched like a drowning victim.

Her track shorts were smudged with dirt, a fresh tear bloomed on her tank top, and the sight of her, so utterly debased, made something in your chest clench with a familiar, uncomfortable mix of revulsion and a deeply buried, almost shameful, pity. You had to consciously fight the urge to step back, to recoil from the sheer, unadulterated desperation radiating from her.

"Manager... oh, Manager, I... I saw them..." she sobbed, finally reaching your feet, her fingers weakly clutching at the hem of your pants. Her face, when she looked up, was a ruin. Snot and tears carved glistening tracks through the grime on her cheeks, her lips were swollen, and her eyes were wide with a frantic, hunted look. "They were all so fast... Jovial... she just... flew... and I... I was just... stuck..."

You crouched down slowly, keeping a careful distance, though she strained towards you like a starved animal. "Cyan," you began, your voice carefully neutral, a practiced calm you rarely felt. "The race is over."

"B-but I lost!" she wailed, the words tearing from her throat, raw and ragged. "Again! Always! I'm s-so slow! Everyone saw it! They were laughing, weren't they? I heard them! Even when they pretend to cheer, they're laughing at me!" Her voice cracked, dissolving into another torrent of gulping sobs. Her whole body shook. "I try, Manager, I r-really, really try! I do all the training you tell me, I run until my legs give out, I… I dream about winning, just once! Just not being last!"

"I know you try, Cyan," you said. It was the standard line, the one you always trotted out. Even though it meant nothing really. Her trying was the problem; it yielded nothing. "These things take time."

"Time..?" she parroted back, her voice suddenly sharp with hysteria, her grip tightening on your pants. "How much more time? Years? Decades? Will I ever be good enough? Am I just... broken? Am I defective?" Her eyes searched yours, desperate for an answer, any answer that wasn't the truth she already knew. "Why can't I be like

them? Like Resolute, all fiery and determined, or even Comely, who doesn't even care but still finishes ahead of me just to get her apples..."

You reached out a hand, then hesitated. Touching her felt like condoning this, like wading deeper into the mire of her despair. But you had to do something. You rested your hand lightly on her trembling shoulder. "Cyan, you're putting too much pressure on yourself. One race doesn't define you."

"But it's every race!" she cried, shaking her head violently, dislodging your hand. "Every single one! I'm a joke! A running gag! 'Oh, look, there goes Cyan, bringing up the rear as usual!' That's what they say! That's what everyone thinks! Even you… even you must think I'm pathetic!" Her accusation hung in the air, heavy and uncomfortably close to the bone.

"I don't think you're pathetic, Cyan," you lied, or perhaps, it was a half-truth. You thought her situation was pathetic, her talent was pathetic, but the raw core of her being, this suffering creature… that was something else. Something that twisted your insides. "I think you're hurting. And I think maybe… maybe you need a break."

The word 'break' was a lit fuse.

Her eyes widened in sheer terror, the desperate sadness momentarily eclipsed by raw panic. "A break?" she whispered, her voice hoarse. (heh) Then, louder, "No! No break! Manager, please! Don't say that! You're not… you're not going to leave me, are you? You're not giving up on me?" She surged forward, trying to wrap her arms around your legs, her movements clumsy and frantic. "Please, no! I can't take a break! If I take a break, I'll never get back! I'll just… I'll just fade away! I'll be nothing! Less than nothing!"

"Cyan, calm down," you said, trying to gently disengage her clinging arms, a wave of exasperation washing over you. This always happened. Any suggestion of change, of stepping back, was met with this apocalyptic freak meltdown. "I'm not talking about giving up. I'm talking about resting. Recharging. Maybe we could... try a different training approach, focus on something else for a while y'know?"

"No, no, no!" she sobbed, burying her face against your knees, her tears soaking into your jeans. "You can't! That's what people say when they're going to abandon you! 'Take a break,' 'try something new,' it means you're done with me! Please, Manager, don't leave me! I'll do anything! I'll train harder! I'll run all night! I'll… I'll scrub the floors,

I'll polish your shoes, just please, please don't send me away! I have nothing else! This is all I am, even if I'm terrible at it! Without racing, without you… I'm just… a mistake."

Her words, "a mistake," hung there, small and terrible. Her body shuddering against you, a desperate, clinging weight. You looked down at the top of her head, at the pathetic droop of her ears, and felt that old, unwelcome ache. It wasn't just pity. It was the suffocating feeling of being chained to a sinking ship, with the captain begging you to go down with her, mistaking your shared descent for loyalty.

"I'm not leaving you, Cyan," you said, a compromise you'd regret, yet again. "Okay? I'm not leaving you."

She looked up, her face a mess of tear-tracks and desperate hope. "R-really? You promise?"

"Yes, Cyan, I just said that," you said, your voice softer now, dangerously close to what she might misinterpret as actual sympathy. "You had a bad race today. A really bad one, but it happens. Maybe you are just a little slow right now. Maybe today, just wasn't your day. We can-" You hoped, foolishly, that by validating her bleakest self-assessments, she might exhaust this torrent of misery and let you go.

It had the opposite effect.

Her head snapped up, her tear-filled eyes widening, not with relief, but with a fresh wave of despair. "So you do think I'm useless!" she wailed, her grip somehow tightening, her knuckles white against your leg. "You're just saying it to be nice before you tell me it's really over!" She started to scramble up, trying to get closer, to somehow physically prevent your escape. "Manager, please! Don't just... agree with these awful things! That's not... that's not what I..."

You tried to gently pry her fingers away. "Cyan, that's not what I meant. I'm just saying I understand you're upset. Let me go, just for a second, let's get you a towel..."

"No!" She recoiled from your attempt to create space as if you'd struck her, then launched herself forward, wrapping her arms around your waist this time, burying her face in your shirt. The dampness of her tears, the smell of her sweat and sorrow, enveloped you. "Don't push me away! Please! You're all I have! You were the only one who even gave me a chance to be a racer! Everyone else just laughed at the idea!"

Her voice, muffled against your chest, was a torrent of frantic words, a desperate outpouring of every insecurity that plagued her. "I s-see them, you know! Jovial, with her manager, they're always laughing, planning strategies, and she gets flowers from fans! Lightning is always there for her! Resolute trains so hard, and her manager looks so proud, even when she's being a terror! They have... they have names!" That last part was a broken whisper. "Proper racer names. 'Lightning Strikes Thrice,' 'Comely Material Morning.' I don't even have that. I haven't won anything. I haven't earned a name. I'm just... Cyan."

Her body shuddered with another round of sobs. "They all have friends, they h-hang out after races, they talk about... things. I just hide. I don't know what I'm doing wrong, Manager! I try to talk to them, but I just... I just cry, or say something stupid. What am I missing? Please tell me..."

You stood stiffly, her arms a desperate vise around you. This was too much, too close. The professional boundary you'd tried so hard to maintain was being eroded by a tsunami of tears and need.

Then she shifted, her voice dropping to an even more pleading whisper. "And I see... I see how they are with their managers. It's... different. They t-trust them. They lean on them. It's not just about the races. It's… more." She tilted her head back, her tear-ravaged face pleading with an intensity that was almost unbearable. "I w-want that with you, Manager. So badly. Is that… is that too much to ask? For me to just… for you to just… not hate being near me?"

A cold knot formed in your stomach. "Cyan," you began, your voice strained as you tried to gently disentangle yourself again, "Our relationship is professional. I'm your manager. My job is to handle your career, your entries, your…"

"But there is no career!" she cried, clinging tighter, her desperation escalating into a raw, keening sound. "There's just me, failing, and you, stuck with me! What if this is all there is? What if the only good thing I can have is... is just you not looking at me like I'm something you scraped off your shoe? Please, Manager! It's the only thing I want! There's nothing else for me! If I can't be a good racer, can I at least... can I at least mean something to you?" Her voice broke entirely. "Please, just don't push me away. It's the only thing I'm asking. It's the only thing left."

She was groveling, abasing herself, her entire being focused on this

one desperate plea for connection, for some scrap of warmth in her desolate world. The sight of her, so utterly broken, so consumed by her self-hatred and her desperate need for your approval, your proximity… it was profoundly uncomfortable. It was also, in its own twisted way, profoundly pitiable.

You stopped trying to pull away from her, almost. Your arms, which had been stiff at your sides, felt heavy, useless. But slowly, hesitantly, one hand lifted and came to rest on the back of her heaving shoulders. It was really all you could give.

But it should be more than enough for someone like her.

Cyan froze. Then, a tiny, hitching gasp escaped her. She pulled back just enough to look up at you, her eyes wide, swollen, and shining with a mixture of disbelief and a fragile, nascent hope that was almost more painful to witness than her despair. "M-Manager...?" she stammered, her voice thick with tears. "Is... is this... okay? You... you mean it? You're not... you're not just waiting for me to stop so you can leave?"

The raw vulnerability in her gaze was a physical blow. "I... yes... it's okay, Cyan," you heard yourself say, even though you wish you hadn't. "It's okay."

Her face crumpled. The fragile hope, gave way to an overwhelming flood of relief. A choked sob, louder than any before, tore from her, and she pressed forward again, burying her face fully into your stomach, her arms locking around you with surprising strength. This time, it wasn't just a cling; it was a complete anchor. "Oh, M-Manager! Manager!" she wept, her voice muffled and broken, but with a new note in it, something less like pure agony and more like the release of unbearable pressure. "Th-thank you... thank you, thank you.... I thought... I really thought..."

She couldn't finish the sentence, dissolving into ragged, gasping sobs that shook her entire frame, and yours along with it. You stood there, a statue draped with a weeping horse girl, your hand awkwardly patting her back.

Though eventually her sobs began to subside for the most part, quieting into ragged, hitching breaths. She didn't pull away, though. Instead, she shifted slightly, her tear-smeared face still pressed against your chest. A new, unsettling energy began to emanate from her, a strange, nervous tension replacing the utter collapse of moments

before.

"M-Manager...?" she mumbled into your shirt, her voice still thick and shaky. "You... you really mean it? You'll stay? You won't... give up on me?"

"I told you I wouldn't, Cyan," you said, your voice flat, tired. You just wanted this to end.

Then, something changed. Her hands, which had been locked around your waist in a desperate grip, began to move. Tentatively at first, then with a strange, almost frantic urgency. They slid up your sides, clumsy and unsure, exploring the fabric of your shirt as if it were some alien artifact.

"I... I saw Jovial's manager... after she won that spring qualifier..." Cyan whispered, her breath hot against your skin. "She... she rubbed her shoulders. And then... then she..." Her hands fumbled higher, reaching your chest, then your arms, her touch light and erratic, like a frightened bird. "She looked so happy, Manager. So... relieved. Maybe... maybe if I..."

Her intentions, unnervingly, began to dawn on you. This wasn't just about comfort anymore. This was Cyan, in her broken, desperate state, trying to emulate something she'd witnessed, something she clearly misunderstood as a transactional form of affection or reward, a way to solidify your presence, to make herself... valuable, perhaps, in a way she couldn't on the track.

"Cyan," you started, a slightly warning tone creeping into your voice, "What are you doing?"

Her hands stilled for a moment, then resumed their clumsy exploration, now with a more deliberate, if still painfully awkward, pressure. She was trying to... feel you up? Her fingers pressed into your sides, fumbled over your ribs, slid across your stomach. It was less a caress and more like a blind, panicked search. All the while, quiet, broken sobs still escaped her, a soundtrack of misery to her inept advances. A bizarre, sad smile was plastered on her tear-streaked face, a rictus of desperate hope.

"I... I just want to make you feel good, Manager," she choked out, her eyes, still red-rimmed and swollen, looking up at you with a pathetic eagerness. "If I can't win races... maybe I can... I can do this for you? So you'll... so you'll like me? So you won't think I'm just... a burden?"

You felt a a bigger kick of revulsion at that. She was so lost, so utterly clueless. You should stop this. You knew you should stop this. But the sight of her, so utterly debased, so convinced that this pathetic fumbling was her only remaining currency, paralyzed you. Saying no felt like it would shatter the last fragile piece of her.

So you just... let her. Your body remained stiff, unresponsive, as her hands continued their amateurish, roaming exploration. It wasn't arousing; not even by a long shot. Her touch was hesitant, then too rough, then too timid again. She had no idea what she was doing.

"Does... does this feel okay, Manager?" she whispered, her breath catching on another sob. "Am I... am I doing it right? Is this... nice?"

"It's... fine, Cyan," you lied. What else could you say? 'No, Cyan, this is awkward and a bit pathetic, and you're still crying all over me'?

Emboldened by your lie, her desperate smile widened fractionally. She shifted, her wet face nuzzling against your neck for a moment, then she pulled back slightly, her gaze fixed on your lips. Oh, no.

She leaned in, slowly, hesitantly, her eyes wide and pleading. Her lips, trembling, were aimed vaguely at yours.

This, at least, was a line you could draw. You turned your head slightly, just enough. Her clumsy kiss landed on your cheek, wet and salty.

"Cyan," you said, your voice firmer than before, though still gentle. "No... not that."

Her face crumpled instantly. The pathetic smile vanished, replaced by a look of such utter devastation that it twisted your gut. "Oh," she whispered, pulling back as if burned. Fresh tears welled in her eyes. "R-right... I'm sorry. Not... not there yet... Sorry. I'm so stupid... So, so stupid and useless...I-I'm sorry... I really didn't mean to..." The self-loathing was back, full force.

"It's okay, Cyan," you sighed, trying to mitigate the damage. "It's just... not that. Not with you."

She didn't seem to hear you, already lost in a fresh spiral of despair. But her hands, as if with a mind of their own, moved to the buttons of your shirt, fumbling with them. Her fingers were clumsy, shaking, making no progress. After a few pathetic, failed attempts, accompanied by frustrated little sobs, she looked up at you, her

expression one of utter helplessness.

"I... I can't... please...?" she whispered, defeated.

With a deep, internal sigh that felt like it scraped the bottom of your soul, you reached up and slowly, methodically, undid the buttons yourself. Then your belt. You didn't say anything. You didn't look at her. You just... did it. Offering yourself up, not out of desire, but out of a weary, profound, and utterly soul-crushing pity.

You pulled your shirt off, then unzipped your pants, letting them fall. The air in the prep room was cold.

Cyan stared, her eyes wide, self-hatred, fear, desperate, hopeful eagerness; you couldn't even tell anymore.

Her hands reached out again, even more hesitantly this time, towards your exposed skin. Her touch was cold, trembling. She continued her "ministrations," if they could even be called that. Clumsy, unsure, almost reverent in a way that made your skin crawl. Every so often, she'd look up at you, her eyes like those of a beaten puppy, desperate for any sign of approval.

"Manager...?" she'd whisper, her voice barely audible above her own sniffles. "Is... is this okay? Am I... am I making you feel... anything good?"

And each time, you'd look down at this broken, weeping girl, this embodiment of failure and desperate need, and you'd lie.

"Yes, Cyan," you'd say, your voice a hollow echo in the sterile room. "It feels... great."

So minutes stretched on and on, each one a fresh layer of uncomfortable silence punctuated only by Cyan's ragged breathing, her occasional sniffles, and the damp, clumsy slide of her hands over your skin, breasts, and stomach. It was, you had to admit, achieving nothing for you except a deepening sense of surreal discomfort. Her efforts were so pathetically earnest, so devoid of any actual skill, that it was almost abstract. She wasn't pleasuring you; she was performing a desperate, tearful ritual of self-abasement that she hoped would somehow translate into affection.

You noticed, with a detached sense of observation, that while her ministrations were doing nothing for you, they were clearly having an effect on her. Her breathing had grown heavier, more labored, and

she'd started to press herself against you with a frantic, almost convulsive energy. Her sports shorts, already clinging uncomfortably due to her earlier exertion and tears, now showed a very distinct, prominent bulge.

It strained against the thin athletic fabric, a hefty, throbbing testament to her anatomy—larger than human, and even for her kind, Cyan was, ironically, quite well-endowed. The sight of her considerable erection, so obviously present despite her ongoing tears and whimpers of "I'm so useless, Manager... I'm sorry I'm so bad at this...", was just another cruel joke in this whole sordid affair. She was getting off on her own pathetic attempt to please you, her body's base reactions entirely disconnected from any sense of confidence or seductive prowess. She was, quite literally, fucking herself over with her own inadequacy.

She started sniffing at your skin, her nose brushing against your shoulder, your neck, like a distressed foal seeking its mother. The clinginess intensified, her arms wrapping around you tighter, her hips giving small, involuntary twitches against yours.

"M-Manager..." she squeaked out, her voice a mix of arousal and misery. "Is... is anything...?"

This had to stop. It was going nowhere, except perhaps further into some new circle of pathetic hell. You couldn't endure her fumbling, crying attempts any longer. The only way out, it seemed, was through. If she was this desperate for some kind of physical validation, perhaps a more... direct approach from your end would bring this excruciating episode to a quicker, if not cleaner, conclusion.

"Cyan," you said, your voice surprisingly gentle, all things considered for this abysmal show you had been putting up with so far. You placed your hands lightly on her trembling shoulders.

She flinched, her eyes snapping to yours, wide with fear. "I'm... I'm messing it up, aren't I?" she whispered, fresh tears spilling. "I'm no good at this either! I knew it! I'm sorry, Manager, I'm so sorry..."

"No, Cyan, listen," you interrupted, trying to keep the pity from your voice and failing. "You've... you've done enough. You've tried really hard." Even for you lying point blank to someones face like that was hard. "Why don't you... why don't you let me try something for a moment? Just relax."

Her brow furrowed in confusion, nothing but pathetic incomprehension. "You... you want to...?" she stammered. "But... I'm

supposed to be... for you..."

"Just let me, okay?" you said, your voice soft, coaxing. "You look like you need to just... let go for a second. Let me take care of you, just for a moment."

She stared at you, her body still trembling, her prominent erection practically vibrating against the fabric of her shorts. The idea of you touching her seemed to short-circuit her already overloaded brain. "M-me?" she whispered. "But I... I don't deserve..."

You didn't wait for her to finish her litany of self-deprecation. Your hands slid down from her shoulders, moving with a calm that was the antithesis of her earlier frantic fumbling. One hand rested on her hip, steadying her, while the other moved lower, towards the straining bulge in her shorts.

The moment your fingers brushed against the hot length of her cock through the thin fabric though, her crying ceased immediately. Her entire body went taut as a bowstring.

"M-Manager...!" she gasped, her eyes screwing shut.

You gently cupped her erection through her shorts, your palm encompassing its impressive, throbbing girth. It was undeniably hefty, a stark contrast to the quivering, pathetic mess of the girl it belonged to.

The reaction though, it was instantaneous and outright explosive.

Cyan cried out, a high, thin wail that was equal parts pleasure, pain, and utter, bewildered distress. Her hips bucked violently, slamming against your hand with surprising force. "Ah... Ah! M-Manager! Wh-what are you—?! Oh! MMmmgnhHH!" Her voice cracked, her whole body contorting. She wasn't just melting at your touch; she was coming completely unglued, a pathetic spectacle of overwhelming sensation.

Tears streamed down her face unabated, but now they were accompanied by gasps and moans that were undeniably sexual, however tinged with her usual misery. "N-no! Wait! I-I can't! It's too —! Ahh!"

With just that simple, encompassing pressure from your hand, with little to no actual effort on your part, she was already losing it. Her breath came in ragged, panicked pants, her body thrashing weakly

against you. Her earlier attempts at pleasuring you seemed a distant, almost comical memory compared to this raw, uncontrolled explosion of her own frustrated senses. All from hand movements so miniscule you didn't even realize you had done anything.

"S-sorry... s-so s-sorry, M-Manager..." she sobbed, even as another wave of sensation clearly hit her, her hips jerking spastically. "...c-can't h-hold... ah, oooOOUGHmm!"

And just like that, with a final, shuddering cry that was lost in a torrent of pathetic sobs, she orgasmed. Right there, in her sweat-soaked shorts, with a pathetic, messy suddenness that was almost anticlimactic if it weren't so profoundly, tragically Cyan. Muscles locking and spasming, hips bucking out into the air even when you had let go of her entirely. She stood there hands over her mouth, hips thrust out into the air as you could see the front slant of her shorts get absolutely sprayed down and stained with seed.

And just like that her body went limp against you, a dead weight, her breathing harsh and ragged, the only sounds in the room now her gulping sobs and the heavy thud of her heart against your chest. She lay against you, completely boneless, her face buried in your chest, shuddering with residual tremors. You figured, hoped, prayed that this was it, that the culmination of this profoundly uncomfortable episode was all it had amounted to. You shifted, carefully attempting to ease her off you, to create some space, to maybe, just maybe, suggest she get cleaned up so you could both leave this prep room and be on your way home.

"Alright, Cyan," you murmured, trying to sound soothing, final. "That's... that's enough for now, okay? Let's get you..."

But the moment you tried to create distance, her head snapped up. Her eyes, though still red-rimmed and swimming with tears, held a new, alarming spark amidst the usual despair. It wasn't the spark of satisfaction or relief; it was something akin to a starved animal that had just had its first taste of food in weeks.

"M-Manager...?" she stammered, her body tensing rather than relaxing. "That... that actually... it felt..." A strange expression crossed her face, a flicker of confused pleasure warring with her ingrained self-loathing. "...it felt really good, Manager. For me. I... I didn't know..."

Oh, no. Not this.

"Cyan," you began, a note of your own pleading, entering your tone.

"You're spent. You need to rest."

"No! No, I don't!" she insisted, a surprising strength returning to her limbs as she clung to you anew. "I... I can do more! Please, Manager! It felt good! Can we... can we do it again? Please? I want to be useful! If that made me feel good, maybe… maybe if we do it more, you'll feel good too?" Her logic was as twisted and pathetic as everything else about her, her desire fueled by a desperate cocktail of newfound, confusing pleasure and that ever-present, gnawing need to prove she wasn't a complete waste of space. Her libido, it seemed, was as resilient and disproportionate as her misery.

You really, really didn't want to. Every instinct screamed at you to extract yourself, to shut this down. But looking into her tear-filled, pleading eyes, seeing that desperate, almost feral hope flickering there… your resolve crumbled under another wave of that damnably potent pity. What was one more indignity, one more capitulation, in the grand scheme of managing Cyan?

Hopefully not much.

"Alright, Cyan," you sighed, the words a surrender. "If... if you really want to."

A pathetic, watery smile broke through her tears. "T-thank you..." She immediately started to press against you again, her hips beginning a clumsy, eager rhythm, rubbing her groin against your thigh. Her earlier arousal, doused momentarily, was rekindling with alarming speed. You could feel the heat of her, the renewed hardness straining against the now cum soaked fabric of her shorts.

This time, taking a grim sort of initiative, you reached down. "Here," you muttered, "let's... make this easier." Your fingers found the waistband of her cyan sports shorts. With a gentle tug, you pulled them down, along with her already soaked athletic underwear, baring her to the cool air of the prep room.

Her erection sprang free, impressively large and already mostly turgid again, glistening wetly. The evidence of her recent, hasty orgasm was stark. Thick, white, virile strands of cum coated the head and shaft of her penis, and smeared the inside of her discarded shorts and the fabric of her underwear. It was a copious amount, heady and almost shockingly fertile-looking for someone who seemed to subsist on a diet of tears and self-hatred. Clearly, all that time spent stewing in misery and isolation had led to a significant... backup.

Cyan whimpered, exposed and vulnerable, her hands flying up to try and cover herself, a blush rising on her tear-stained cheeks despite her earlier boldness. "M-Manager...! It's... it's messy... I'm sorry..."

"It's fine, Cyan," you said, your voice more tired than reassuring. You gently took her by the shoulders. "Sit down. On the bench."

Still crying softly, a confusing mix of shame and eager anticipation on her face, she did as you asked, perching awkwardly on the edge of the cold plastic bench. Her legs trembled, and her large, slick penis jutted out from between them, looking almost comically oversized on her otherwise slight, pathetic frame.

You knelt before her, between her parted knees. The air was thick with the scent of her, sweat and tears and the surprisingly potent aroma of her recent release. Her eyes were wide, fixated on you with a kind of terrified awe.

"M-Manager, please... please hurry..." she stammered.

You didn't answer with words. Instead, you leaned in and took the head of her cock into your mouth.

Cyan screamed. Not a scream of pain, but a high, keening shriek of pure, unadulterated shock and sensation. Her entire body jolted, her hips bucking upwards off the bench. "AH! M-MANAGER! MMMMMM!"

Even just that initial contact, the basic act of taking her into your mouth to "get her clean," as you'd euphemistically thought of it, sent her into overdrive. She was ridiculously sensitive. Her hands flew to your head, fingers tangling in your hair, not guiding, just clutching as waves of pleasure, entirely too intense for such minimal stimulation, clearly coursed through her.

"S-so good...!" she sobbed, tears streaming freely now, her voice a broken, gasping mess. "It feels... too good, Manager! I... I don't deserve this! Why are you...?! Oh! Oh, it's... it's sho mmmmgmhn!" Even in the throes of this unexpected pleasure, her self-deprecating commentary continued, a bizarre, annoying counterpoint to her moans.

Her hips started to thrust mindlessly, a pathetic, bucking rhythm against your mouth. You could feel her nearing another precipice already, her breath catching, her moans intensifying.

"Cyan," you mumbled around her, pulling back off of her, "Easy. Slow down." You had to stop, to let her come down a bit, or she'd be

finished again in seconds, probably making an even bigger mess, and you suspected, prolonging this whole agonizing cycle further.

She blinked at you, dazed, confused, her body still thrumming. "B-but... it felt... Manager, why did you stop? Was I... was I bad again?"

"No just.... ugh. Just hold still a second."

Okay, this was it. You'd managed to get Cyan partially cleaned up, her sobs quieting to a dull, miserable whimpering after the... interlude. Her renewed arousal, however, was a stubborn thing, a desperate flame that refused to be entirely snuffed out by her own ineptitude or shame. If this was going to happen, if this was the only path to some semblance of peace, however temporary, then you might as well try to steer it, if only to get it over with.

With a sigh that felt heavier than lead, you moved forward and braced yourself against the bench she was on. "Alright, Cyan," you said, your voice devoid of any real enthusiasm, just a flat note of resignation. "Come here." You braced your hands on the cool plastic, positioning yourself, bent over, presenting. An invitation. A sacrifice. Whatever you wanted to call it.

Cyan, who had been watching you with wide, tear-filled, almost uncomprehending eyes, slowly pushed herself to her feet. Her legs were visibly trembling, still buckling slightly with each step as she shuffled towards you. She was a wreck—her hair matted, her clothes disheveled, her body still thrumming with a mixture of spent energy and that disturbingly resilient arousal. Her large, mostly tumescent penis, still slick and now leaking little spurts of clear precum with every hesitant step, was a testament to how pathetically sensitive, how pathetically ready she was despite everything.

She reached you, her breathing shallow and quick, a continuous, low whine escaping her lips. "M-Manager...? Are you... are you sure? I... I don't want to disappoint you again. I'm so bad at... at everything..."

"Just... try to relax, Cyan," you said, not looking back at her. "It'll be okay." Another lie to add to the growing pile.

You heard her fumbling behind you, felt her clumsy attempts to position herself. Her trembling hands landed on your hips, gripping with a desperate, unsure pressure. You could feel the heat of her, the faint, almost frantic throb of her cock as she nudged uncertainly against your backside.

But then her internal monologue, that relentless torrent of self-doubt and misery, started to spill out, a miserable soundtrack to her already pathetic attempts. "Is this... is this right, Manager?" she whispered, her voice cracking. "Am I... am I hurting you? I-I probably am, please tell me if I am... I'm too clumsy. Too stupid." A wet sniffle. "Will it... will it even feel good for you? Probably not. Nothing I do ever feels good for anyone. I just... I just make things worse."

Her hips moved, a weak, uncoordinated thrust that missed entirely, bumping awkwardly against your thigh. "I'm so useless!" she suddenly wailed, her voice breaking into a sob. "I can't even do this! I can't focus! My legs are shaking! I'm... I'm scared I'll mess it up! What if I mess you up, Manager?!"

She was spiraling, her mind clearly anywhere but in the present moment, her body a mess of trembling limbs and misdirected energy. She humped again, a desperate, fumbling movement, her cockhead just sliding uselessly against your ass, nowhere near its intended target. You could feel the slickness of her precum smearing against your rear.

"Cyan, breathe," you tried, but it was too late.

"I can't! I can't! I'm sorry!" she cried, and with a final, convulsive, utterly misaimed thrust against you, you felt a hot, wet gush. Not inside. Not even really on you in any meaningful way. She'd quick-shotted again, prematurely, pathetically, without ever even managing to get it in. Splattering a rather impressive hot load onto your back and thighs, though most of the pearlescent fluid shot in thick strands straight to the floor.

A strangled cry of utter despair ripped from her throat, and then she simply collapsed. You heard her slump to the floor behind you, dissolving into a heap of hiccuping, heartbroken sobs. The probably worst possible outcome here, in every conceivable sense.

Slowly, you straightened up, a deep sigh escaping your lips. You turned to see her curled on the floor, a small, cyan-colored ball of pure misery, crying as if her world had irrevocably ended. Which, in her mind, it probably had, several times over in the last hour.

You sat down on the floor beside her, not touching her at first, just... being there. "God damn it, Cyan," you muttered under your breath, more to yourself than to her. "What am I going to do with you?"

"I'm s-so... so sorry, Manager!" she wailed into her knees. "I ruined it! I

ruin everything! I'm disgusting! I'm broken! You should just leave me here! I'm not worth it! I'm not worth anything!"

You reached out and hesitantly patted her heaving shoulder. "It's okay, Cyan," you said, the words feeling hollow even to your own ears. "It's... it's not the end of the world." Though it certainly felt like you were trapped in some endlessly repeating, private little apocalypse with her.

She leaned into your touch, her sobs slowly, gradually, beginning to subside, replaced by those familiar, shaky, indrawn breaths. She was clinging to your arm now, her face still buried, but her grip was tight, desperate.

And then, with a predictability that was almost comical if it weren't so tragic, you felt it. Against your arm, where her groin was pressed, a familiar pressure, a renewed stirring. You glanced down. Impossibly, through her tears, through her abject misery, she was getting hard. Again.

Her head lifted slightly, her tear-ravaged face turned up to you, eyes wide with a desperate, pleading terror. "Manager...?" she whispered, her voice full of dawning, familiar panic. "Please... please don't abandon me. Please don't leave me. I'll be better. I promise, I'll be better next time. Just... please don't go."

You closed your eyes for a moment, a wave of profound weariness washing over you, before you leaned back on the floor, arms spread wide towards her.

"Just... come here."

End Notes

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